

I was walking to the store to get some snacks. While I was walking a car came out of nowhere and almost hit me then before I knew it I was standing in mud. As I'm standing there dazed and confused I start hearing explosions all around me. I look back in and look around me to get a good sense of my surroundings. I see soldiers running around me and guns everywhere. I never knew this was what war was like. After seeing all this I realize where I am. I'm standing in the World War 1 trenches. How did I get back to 1914? One of the soldiers comes up to me with a steel helmet. "Here you're gonna need this," said the soldier. "Thank you," I said to the soldier. I look down and see that I'm wearing green army clothes and big combat boots. I have some first aid stuff in my pockets just in case I need to patch myself or someone else up during battle. The explosions are still happening all around us. We start running onto the battlefield, bullets are flying and the people around me are dying. I haven't figured out why or how I'm here but I know if I don't get it together I won't survive. I look up to see a grenade flying at me. I jump out of the way and get down on the floor to try and find some cover from this grenade. I find some cover behind a rock and pray it doesn't hit me. The grenade exploded and the loud explosion made my ears ring. It took me a second to get my hearing back but once I could hear everything a sharp pain shot through my leg. I've been hit. I look down and see my leg gushing blood, I reach into my pocket to get my first aid stuff. I patch the wound on my leg and start running to join back up with some of the other soldiers. "Are you guys all okay?" I said "Yeah we are all fine but we lost a couple of others," said one of the soldiers "Yeah that's what happens we have to keep going no matter what," I said, "You're right let's go". We all start running to the other side. Once we get there a French soldier tackles me to the ground. We were fighting on the ground for a while before he pulled out a blade. I was terrified. My thoughts were racing. I didn't want to die. I closed my eyes and accepted my death then I felt a light breeze. Is this what's after death? I open my eyes and I'm standing on the street. I'm back in my clothes and my leg isn't hurt anymore. What the hell is happening to me? I pull out my phone to double-check the grocery list. Milk eggs bread cereal I repeat to myself in my head. I start walking to the store again but more cautious this time. I called Elijah to tell him what just happened to me and hopefully, he won't make me feel crazy. He picked up the phone "Hello?" said Elijah "Hey you won't believe what just happened it sounds crazy

because it is but I need you to just listen” I said “Okay tell me” said Elijah “So I’m walking to the store right now and a car almost hit me but it didn’t instead I ended up going back in time to World War 1. I got a grenade thrown at me and it hurt my leg. I had to fight a French man. But while I was fighting the French man he pulled a blade on me then I came back here to the street. Right where I was before I went back in time.” I said. I doubt he will believe this crazy story but I need someone to help me figure this out. “Um, did you get enough sleep last night?” said Elijah “Yes I slept great last night. I’m not imagining this, it’s too real” I said. What if I go back again? No, that can’t be possible. “Well what if you go back? Do you know how you got there” said Elijah “I went right before that car hit me and I came back right before that guy stabbed me,” I said “Maybe death triggers the time travel. Whenever you have that live or die moment you will go back in time” said Elijah “I think you’re right but what should I do if I go back?” I said “I don’t know, I guess you’re just going to have to find out” said Elijah “Yeah that’s true I’ll talk to you later” I said “Okay let me know if anything happens” said Elijah. I hung up the phone. I got to the store and got my groceries. I started walking back home. I get home and unload my stuff then I go to my room and watch Netflix for the rest of the night. I can’t help but think about what happened today and I know it wasn’t fake. I end up falling asleep. I hear a big explosion. My ears are ringing and I’m scared. What the hell was that, I opened my eyes and I’m back in the trenches. How is this possible? I was at home sleeping. I jump up and start gathering my things, but it’s different here this time. No one was running around. I walk over to one of the soldiers to ask what’s going on. “What’s happening?” I said with a confused expression on my face. The man was wearing green clothes and big combat boots just like I was. “The French are launching grenades over us. We need to move and take them out,” said the soldier. He walked away after he said that to get ready to fight. The wood around us started exploding and everyone was going down to the floor. People were throwing their food and running to get some sort of cover. I grabbed my things and got some cover. Once the explosion stopped we all went out and started walking to the other side. As we were walking they started throwing grenades again. We all ran in opposite directions to get away from the explosion. I get down on the ground and start using my rifle to wipe some of them out. I get up and start going over to the rest of the soldiers. More grenades are getting

thrown at us. We all hit the floor. The guys to the left of me are hit and can no longer walk. This isn't looking good for us. Me and the guys to my right get up and start rushing the French men. We take some out but they are overpowering us. I don't know what to do, but then I remember that death might be the trigger to send me back home. I jump in front of two people fighting to try and trigger that feeling. A French man jumps on me. We fought on the floor for a while then he pulled a blade. Just like last time. I jump up in my bed. I look around. Was that just a dream? Well, it doesn't matter now it's finally over.